

1837

# She Wore a Wreath of Roses

Joseph Philip Knight

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

**SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES**

**A Ballad**

*Sung by*

**MRS WOOD.**

**The Poetry by**

*Thomas Haynes Bayly Esq.*

**THE MUSIC**

*Composed and Dedicated to*

**MISS NORCOTT.**

**—BY—**

**Joseph Philip Knight.**

*Pr 50 Cts.*

**NEW YORK.**

*Published by* **HEWITT & JAMES** 239 Broadway.



## SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

ANDANTE.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass staff for the piano, marked 'ANDANTE.' and 'f' (forte). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system, with lyrics: 'She wore a wreath of ro- - - - ses The'. The third system continues the vocal line with lyrics: 'night that first we met, Her lovely face was smi- - ling Beneath her curls of'. The fourth system concludes the vocal line with lyrics: 'jet; Her footstep had the lightness, Her voice the joyous tone, The'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, providing a harmonic and rhythmic foundation for the vocal melody.

She wore a wreath of ro- - - - ses The

night that first we met, Her lovely face was smi- - ling Beneath her curls of

jet; Her footstep had the lightness, Her voice the joyous tone, The



Rall: a Tempo

to\_kens of a youthful heart Where sorrow is un\_known; I

cres: Rall: cres:

saw her but a moment\_ Yet me\_thinks I see her now With the

wreath of summer flow\_ers, Up\_on her snow\_y brew.



A wreath of orange blos- - -soms When next we met, she wore; Th'ex-

*p*

-pres-sion of her features Was more thoughtful than be-fore; And

standing by her side was one, Who strove and not in vain To

soothe her, leav-ing that dear home She ne'er might view a - gain; I

Rall: a Tempo.

Rall:



saw her but a moment—Yet me—thinks I see her now With the

*Cres*

wreath of o—range blos—soms, Up—on her snow—y brow.

*Piu lento e con molto espressione.*

And once again I see that brow No bridal wreath is

*p*

there, The Widows' sombre cap conceals Her once luxuriant hair; She



weeps in silent solitude, And there is no one near To press her hand with

*Rall*  
in his own, And wipe a way the tear; *p* I see her broken hearted Yet me- *a Tempo*

*Cres:*  
thinks I see her now In the pride of youth and beau-ty, With a  
*Cres:*

garland on her brow.